

London Town:—"The prevailing taste has spread to the commoner music halls, and now the only songs that are listened to with patience consist of a few verses, entirely devoid of any meaning whatever, serving to introduce a chorus, the point of which consists in the repetition of some palpably immoral *double-entendre*. Some of the older singers who had gained a deserved reputation for amusing powers of low comedy, are compelled to pander to the sickly taste of the hour; and the unfortunate 'comique' has to cudgel his brains in order to invent some catch re-
frain, coarser and more indecent than those of his brother artist. The successful songs are caught up by the street boys, so that a lady can scarcely walk in any crowded part of London without having them bawled into her ear."